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The BLACK TERROR

No. 24

ANC

WILD TO AVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH

A Stalwart Texan Rides into an Ambush

THEY surged across the wilderness to stake out claims in the new Dakota ranges. With their goal almost in sight the crooked San Saba betrayed the outfit and murdered its leader. And as young Tom Gillette prepared for his grim, revengeful manhunt, he faced an ambush of death. Swift action and thrills a-plenty cram the pages of "Free Grass," an adventure-packed novel by Ernest Haycox.

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The Black TERROR

AT LAST WE ARE IN UNDISPUTED CONTROL OF THE GOOD SHIP "PEACE"!
Piracy on the high seas, mates...with Lady Serpent and her evil crew off on a wild gamble! But Bob Benton and young Tim like to play games too! Can the Terror Twins deal top cards...and live? "LADY SERPENT RETURNS!"
JERRY ROBINSON
MORT MESKIN
B-175

ON THE TRAIN TO PRISON...
THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU, SISTER! YOU'LL BE IN THE PEN IN JUST ABOUT AN HOUR!
LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY, FOOL! LADY SERPENT HAS NO INTENTION OF SERVING A LIFE TERM!

IT AMUSES ME THAT I HAVE TWO MEN AS GUARDS! COULD IT BE THAT LADY SERPENT INSPIRES FEAR?

AT A SUBURBAN STOP AN ELDERLY PASSENGER BOARDS THE TRAIN...
IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?
NOPE! IT'S ALL YOURS, LADY!
GOOD! I KNEW HULGA WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN!

MY MEN ARE RIGHT ON TIME! THE LADY SERPENT'S ESCAPE IS AT HAND!

NISSSSS! MOGU! NARU!
WHAT
SNAKES!

OHHH!
I'M PARALYZED!

NOW TO STOP THIS TRAIN! MOGU, NARU — COME TO ME, MY BEAUTIFUL PETS! GOOD WORK, HULGA!
QUICK, HULGA! WE MUST MAKE A FAST GETAWAY!
THE LADY SERPENT COMMANDS — HULGA OBEYS!
EXCELLENT TIMING, MIKE! EVERYTHING WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN!
THANKS, BOSS! I GUESS WE SHOWED THE COPS WHERE TO GET OFF! HA, HA!
DRIVE TO OUR HIDEOUT, MIKE! THE GOOD NEIGHBOR SHIP "PEACE" SAILS FOR EUROPE TODAY — WITH FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES! WE'LL HIJACK THIS SHIP — AND USE THE STUFF TO SET UP HEADQUARTERS ON A CARIBBEAN ISLAND!
LATER THAT DAY, MILD-MANNERED BOB BENTON AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, TIM, GET READY FOR THE FAREWELL LUNCHEON ABOARD THE RELIEF SHIP, "PEACE."
ALL SET, TIM? DOGGONE IT — I'VE GOT TO MAKE A SPEECH, TOO!
SERVES YOU RIGHT, BOB, FOR COLLECTING MORE CONTRIBUTIONS THAN ANY OTHER LOCAL CHAIRMAN! SAY — IT'S SERGEANT MAC GOOLIGAN!
AYE AND 'TIS A BAD DAY FOR THE POLICE FORCE!
LADY SERPENT ESCAPED TODAY! SHE BROKE LOOSE BY USING POISONOUS SNAKES, THEY TELL ME! WHAT DO YE MAKE OF THAT AS A DRUGGIST, BOB?

I'D SAY YOU'D BETTER WATCH EVERY MOVE, SARGE! THE LADY SERPENT WILL STOP AT NOTHING!
SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT! WE'RE DUE ON BOARD THE RELIEF SHIP "PEACE"!
AT THE LUNCHEON...
...AND LET ME LEAVE YOU WITH THIS THOUGHT, FOLKS! IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO HELP SERVE HUMANITY!
FINE SPEECH, MR. BENTON! WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS ON SCHEDULE!
HMM...THAT MAN'S DRESSED FOR THE TROPICS! I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS, EITHER! TIM—FOLLOW ME!
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON AROUND HERE! PLAY INNOCENT AND FOLLOW ME, TIM!
RIGHT WITH YOU, BOB!
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT— WELL, WELL! WOULD THOSE LITTLE GADGETS BE RIVETING HAMMERS...OR TOMMYGUNS?
WHA—!
SEIZE THE INTRUDERS!

NOW GO TO YOUR STATIONS, MEN! THE RADIO SHACK—THE BRIDGE—THE ENGINE ROOM... ALL MUST BE OCCUPIED ON SCHEDULE! WHEN THE SHIP DROPS THE PILOT OUTSIDE THE HARBOR— WE ACT!

LEFT ALONE, BOB QUICKLY MANEUVERS HIS FINGERS AND A TINY RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE DROPS OUT OF HIS INNOCENT-APPEARING FINGER-RING...

BUT FIRST...
WHAT GOES ON NOW, TERROR?
I JUST THINK I'LL SEND A LITTLE WIRELESS MESSAGE, TIM!
HARBOR
C-A-L-L-I-N-G H-A-R-B-O-R P-O-L-I-C-E... THAT'LL DO IT, KID! THE POLICE WIRELESS WILL PICK UP THESE DOTS AND DASHES!
AND ON THE POLICE BOAT...
WHA—! IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED SPARK MESSAGE... IT SAYS... CALLING HARBOR POLICE... LADY SERPENT ABOARD SHIP "PEACE"...
THE MESSAGE IS RELAYED!
SERGEANT MACGOOLI-CAN REPORT TO POLICE! LADY SERPENT FOUND!
STEP ON IT, MURPHY!
MEANWHILE...ABOARD SHIP...
LET'S HOPE THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN PICKED UP! COME ON, TIM... HERE WE GO!
CRASH!
THERE GOES THE PILOT BOAT!
AND THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR LADY SERPENT TO GO TO WORK!
YOU MEN ARE CRAZY! YOU CAN'T D-DO THIS!
BEHAVE, SPARKS! WE'RE TAKING OVER!
HOWDY, BOYS!
LET'S HEAR YOU YODEL, CHUM!
WORK FAST, KID! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
WHAM!

CALL THE HARBOR POLICE, SPARKS! JUST IN CASE MY MESSAGE DIDN'T GET THROUGH!
SURE, TERROR! I'LL SEND OUR POSITION TO THE POLICE BOAT!
NOW FOR A LOOK-SEE AT THE BRIDGE, TIM!
THE MOB'S ALREADY GONE INTO ITS ACT!
THE BLACK TERROR! HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
TRADE SECRET, LADY SERPENT!
KILL THE TERROR! KILL HIM!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, SERPENT!
WHILE ON DECK...
HEY, JOE — LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'—!
THE HARBOR POLICE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, OFFICER?
LADY SERPENT'S TRYIN' TO STEAL YOUR SHIP, SAILOR! LEND US A HAND!

WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE, TERROR! BEGORRA... AND IS THIS A DAY FOR THE POLICE FORCE!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, SERGEANT MACGOOLIGAN!
IF THE SERPENT CANNOT WIN—SHE WILL GET REVENGE!
STRIKE!
HERE YOU ARE, SERGEANT!
THANKS, ME BOY! I SEE YOU'VE REMOVED HER FANGS!
COME ON TIM—TIME TO FADE!
BACK INTO CIVVIES, EH?
MINUTES LATER...
WHY, IT'S BOB BENTON AND TIM! SO THE SERPENT TOOK YOU ALONG FOR THE RIDE, EH?
THAT SHE DID, SARGE! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU ARRIVED TO SAVE US!
YOU SAID IT, BOB!
'COURSE, I DID GET SOME HELP FROM THE BLACK TERROR! WONDER WHERE HE IS...
FUNNY—I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING!
LAUGH, YOU FOOLS! YOU SHALL NEVER HOLD THE LADY SERPENT! NEVER!

The BLACK TERROR

STEP ASIDE, TERROR! I WANT TO SEE WHAT *THE VOICE* LOOKS LIKE... BEFORE I SHOOT HIM LIKE HE SHOT BART — IN COLD BLOOD!

Ruthless murder turned her life into a nightmare of tormenting passions! Vengeance drove her into underworld byways where no woman had ever ventured before! But with the help of the *Terror Twins* she found her way to life again! "The REVENGE OF RED ANN!"

GEE, TERROR, IT'S SWELL OF YOU TO LET ME COME ALONG TONIGHT. WHAT A STORY THIS WILL MAKE FOR MY PAPER!

WE'RE JUST CRUISING ALONG TONIGHT, DICK... PICKING UP POLICE CALLS. WE'VE GOT A TIP THAT THE *VOICE* IS PULLING A JOB TONIGHT!

DAILY STAR

B-274

DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF RUNNING INTO *RED ANN*?

COULD BE, DICK. EVERY TIME WE'VE HIT THE TRAIL OF *THE VOICE*, RED ANN'S BEEN THERE BEFORE US.

YES... AND HAS THE VOICE'S GANGSTERS SIGNED, SEALED AND READY FOR DELIVERY!

JERRY ROBINSON NO27 MESKIN

I DON'T MIND THAT, TIM... JUST SO LONG AS SHE STAYS ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW! BUT I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT WHO SHE IS! AND WHO THE VOICE IS TOO!
TERROR, HERE'S A POLICE CALL!
CALLING ALL CARS! ALARM RECEIVED FROM NATIONAL BANK!
MINUTES LATER!
THERE THEY ARE! LET'S GO, TIM!
I WONDER IF A NEWS STORY IS WORTH ALL THIS?
NOT SO FAST, RATS-YOU FORGOT TO COLLECT YOUR INTEREST!
THE BLACK TERROR!
TERROR! LOOK OUT! TWO MORE!
THIS IS THE END FOR YOU, TERROR!
ONE SECOND LATER...
RED ANN!
IF SHE'S HERE... THESE THUGS MUST WORK WITH THE VOICE!
STAND BACK, TERROR! I WANT TO QUESTION THEM FIRST! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THE VOICE IS!
21

JUST THEN...
THE POLICE! NO TIME TO QUESTION THESE THUGS!
LET ME GO!
NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU, ANN! I'M DICK REAGAN FROM THE "DAILY STAR"! I WANT TO INTERVIEW YOU! YOU'RE FAMOUS, RED ANN!
I DON'T GIVE OUT INTERVIEWS! THIS IS MY PRIVATE FIGHT WITH THE VOICE AND I'LL SETTLE IT ALONE... IN MY OWN WAY!
BE REASONABLE, ANN! WE'RE ALL FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE! WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER. LET'S BE FRIENDS. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
ALL RIGHT, TERROR, I TRUST YOU. BUT PLEASE DON'T PUT ANY STORIES IN THE NEWSPAPERS.
I'LL SEE TO THAT, ANN.
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
THIS IS MY STORY... YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I HATE THE VOICE... WHY I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I KILL HIM!
"I WAS QUITE A DIFFERENT GIRL FIVE YEARS AGO. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE BEEN ANY HAPPIER, FOR I HAD JUST MARRIED BART..."
GOODBYE, TRENT, YOU'VE BEEN GRAND!
YOU'VE BEEN A SWELL SPORT ABOUT IT, TRENT—GETTING OUR TICKETS AND EVERYTHING!
FORGET IT, KIDS. I GUESS ANN CHOSE THE BETTER MAN BETWEEN US TWO. HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME!
3

"AND A WONDERFUL TIME WE DID HAVE! DANCING, BOATING, SWIMMING, WALKING ALONG THE MAINE CLIFFS AT NIGHT..."

IF I LOVED YOU ANY MORE, HONEY, I THINK I'D EXPLODE!

I'M SO HAPPY THAT I'M SCARED. IT'S JUST TOO GOOD TO LAST! OH, BART—IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN...

"AND THEN IT HAPPENED! WE HARDLY HEARD THE BIG CAR PULL UP..."

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

OKAY, VOICE, WE GOT HIM!

THAT'S THE MAN! HOLD HIM OFF, BOYS!

"WITHOUT WARNING THE MYSTERIOUS MAN... THE VOICE MURDERED THE MAN I LOVED!"

BANG

"THE MEN CLIMBED BACK INTO THE CAR AND WERE GOING DOWN THE ROAD IN A FLASH. IT ALL HAPPENED IN A MATTER OF A FEW SECONDS...BUT IN THOSE SECONDS MY DREAM OF JOY TURNED INTO A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE..."

OH, BART... MY HUSBAND... BART, DARLING!

"AND THERE, IN THE MOONLIGHT, I MADE MY VOW!"

I WON'T REST UNTIL I FIND THE VOICE AND KILL HIM JUST AS HE KILLED YOU! I SWEAR IT BART! I SWEAR IT!

"I GAVE UP EVERYTHING... MY FAMILY, MY FRIENDS..."

I LOVE YOU, ANN—LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU!

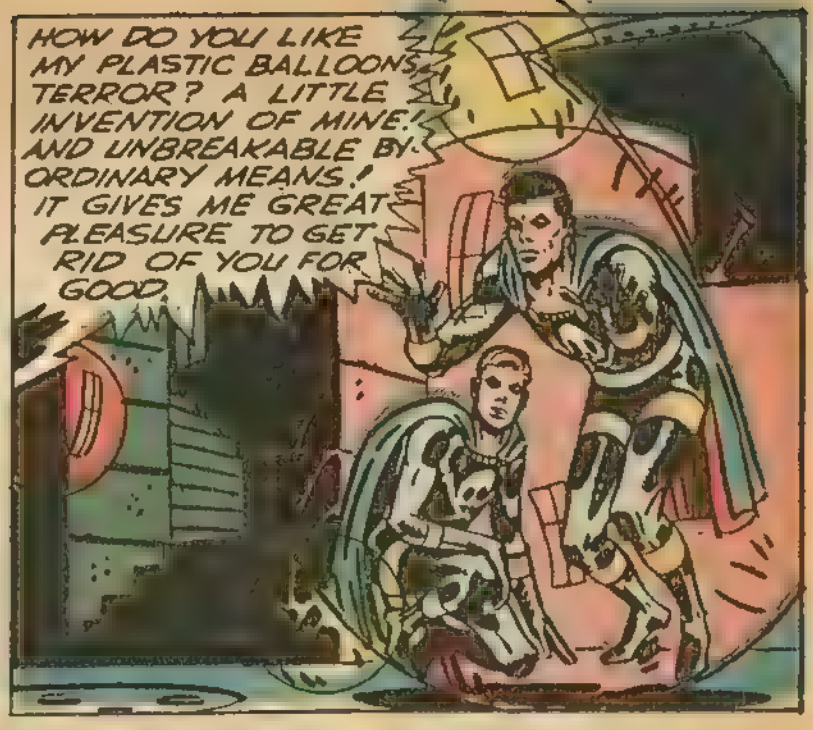
YOU'RE KIND AND GOOD, TRENT... BUT I'VE GOT TO GO OFF BY MYSELF! DON'T ASK ME WHY.

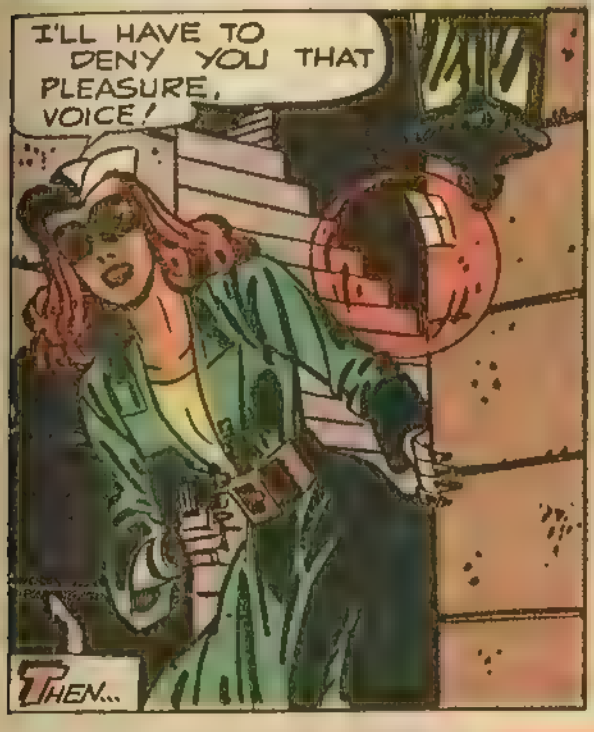
"I TAUGHT MYSELF TO SHOOT. I SEARCHED THE STREETS OF THE CITY AND FOUND MY WAY INTO THE UNDERWORLD. EVERYWHERE, I HUNTED AND LISTENED FOR THE VOICE..."

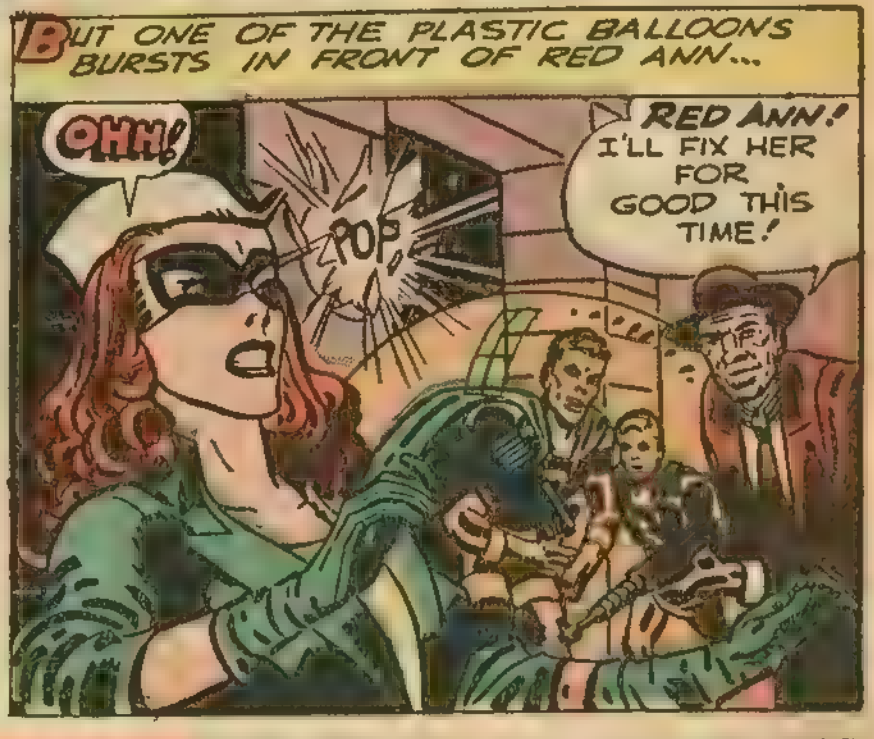
NOW I'M REALLY ON THE TRAIL OF THE VOICE. THOSE ARE HIS MEN, ALL RIGHT! IF I CAN ONLY FIND OUT WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
POLICE
RED CLAY! ALL THOSE THUGS HAD RED CLAY ON THEIR SHOES! THEY SURE DIDN'T GET THAT ANYWHERE IN THIS TOWN!
WAIT! I KNOW WHERE THAT'S FROM!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE COUNTY WHERE THERE'S CLAY LIKE THAT—AT THE OLD ABANDONED HOUSE IN SOLO HOLLOW!
SOLO HOLLOW? LET'S GO!
IF THIS HUNCH IS RIGHT, TIM, IT'LL MEAN THE END OF A LONG SEARCH FOR US!
AND FOR ME TOO, TERROR. BUT, MR. REAGAN, PLEASE DON'T PUT MY REAL STORY IN THE PAPERS!
DON'T WORRY, ANN... I WON'T!
THANK YOU, DICK! YOU'RE SWEET,
DICK... ULP!
THERE IT IS! WE'LL SEARCH IN PAIRS AND CHECK EACH SIDE OF THE HOUSE!
RIGHT, TERROR! COME ON, ANN!
GOSH, ANN, ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES... WHAT I MEAN IS I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW I... THAT IS... SINCE THE FIRST MOMENT I SAW YOU... I... I MEAN YOU'RE SO... SO BEAUTIFUL.. SO... LOVELY!

I LOVE YOU, ANN! IF...IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I WANT YOU TO... TO... M...
PLEASE DICK... YOU MUSTN'T... NOT NOW!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ANN, THERE'S A JOB TO BE DONE! AND YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE WHERE IT'S SAFE, WHILE I MAKE THE SEARCH! THIS IS NO JOB FOR A GIRL — IT'S DANGEROUS!
YES, DICK! IT IS DANGEROUS! AND YOU'RE TO RISK YOUR LIFE FOR SOMEONE YOU HARDLY KNOW! THIS WILL GIVE YOU A HEADACHE — BUT IT'S BETTER THAN A BULLET!
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING...
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, KID! I'LL TRY THIS DOOR.
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
SUDDENLY...
WHA—! A TRAP!
OOOPS!
THE TERRORS! USE THE PLASTO-SPHERES!
THROUGH A CHUTE..
6

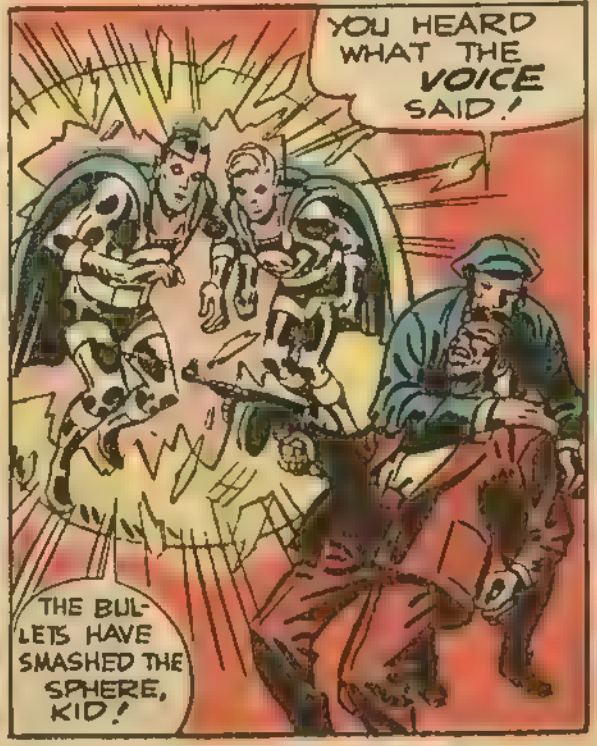
WATCH OUT KID!

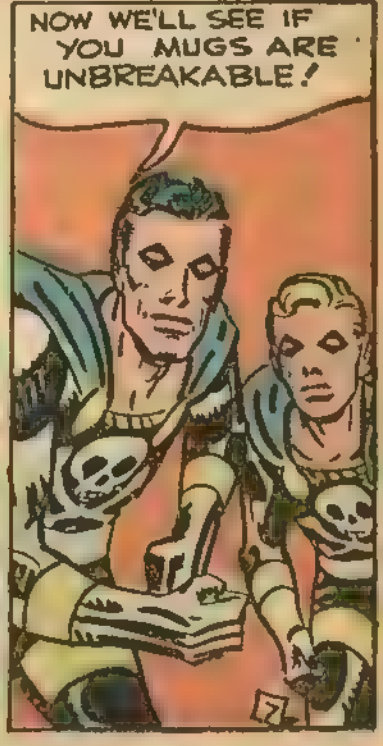

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PLASTIC BALLOONS, TERROR? A LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE! AND UNBREAKABLE BY ORDINARY MEANS! IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO GET RID OF YOU FOR GOOD.


I'LL HAVE TO DENY YOU THAT PLEASURE, VOICE!
THEN...


BUT ONE OF THE PLASTIC BALLOONS BURSTS IN FRONT OF RED ANN...
OHH!
POP
RED ANN! I'LL FIX HER FOR GOOD THIS TIME!

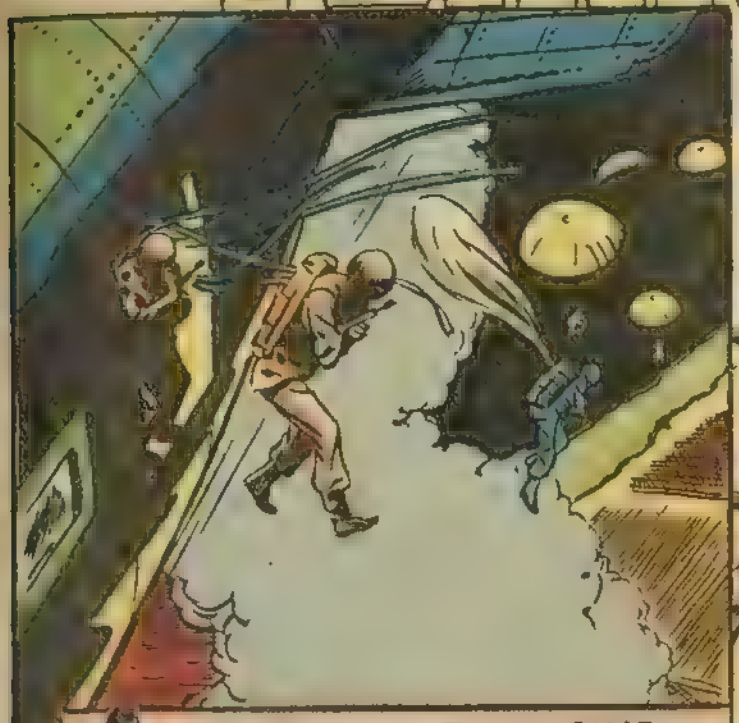
DON'T HARM THAT GIRL!
BUT VOICE... IT'S RED ANN! I'M GONNA KILL HER!


YOU HEARD WHAT THE VOICE SAID!
THE BULLETS HAVE SMASHED THE SPHERE, KID!

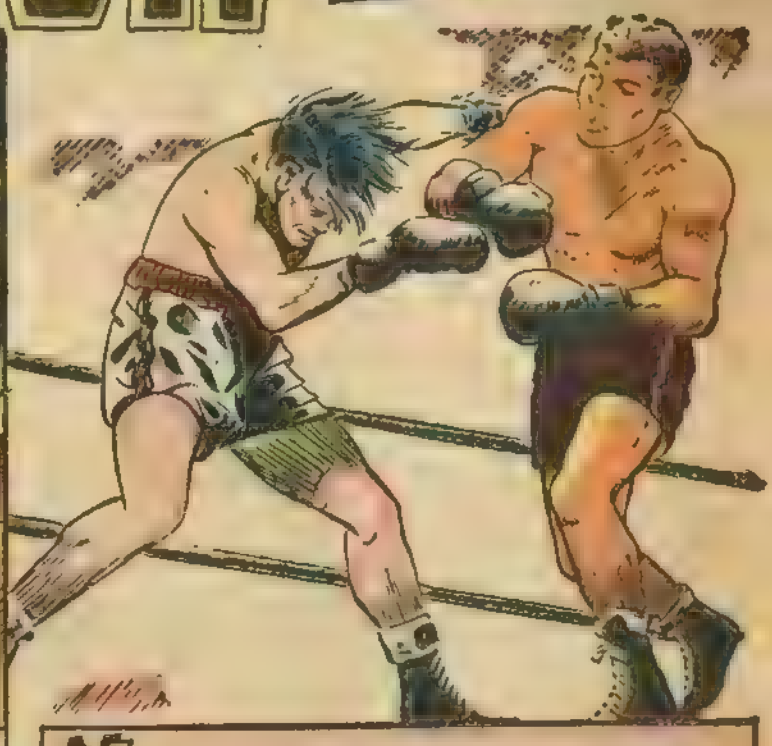

NOW WE'LL SEE IF YOU MUGS ARE UNBREAKABLE!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE THUGS! COME ON, KID! IT'S THE VOICE'S TURN!
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOU NOW, BOSS!
YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST!
CRASH!
OUTSIDE... AS THE VOICE FLEES...
I'M GETTING INTO THE ACT, TOO!
STEP ASIDE, DICK! I WANT TO SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE BEFORE I SHOOT HIM JUST LIKE HE SHOT BART...IN COLD BLOOD!
TRENT! IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME!
YES, ANN. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICE! I KILLED BART BECAUSE THAT WAS HOW I HANDLED ANYONE WHO STOOD IN MY WAY!
I CAN'T SHOOT! I JUST CAN'T KILL HIM! I'M NOT AS HARD AS I THOUGHT I WAS!
ANN! ANN, DEAR!
COME ON, KID! THE VOICE IS DUE AT THE JAIL—TO KEEP A DATE WITH A HOT SEAT!
MY MISSION IS OVER! NOW I CAN ENJOY LIFE AGAIN!
AND I'M JUST THE FELLOW TO HELP YOU DO THAT!

From the BLACK TERROR Scrap Book



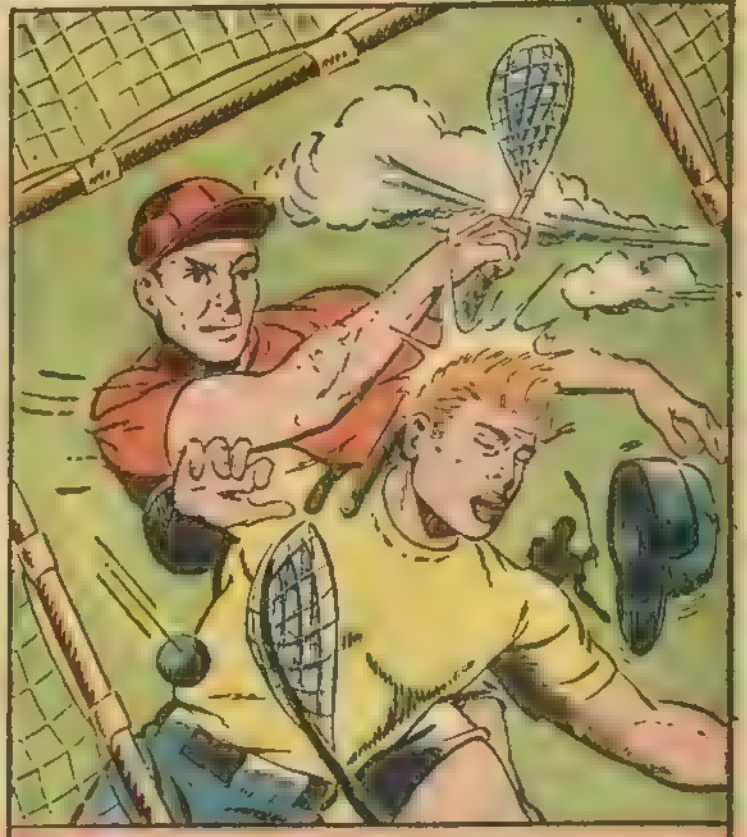
A PARATROOPER JUMPING AT 20,000 FEET WILL REACH EARTH JUST A MINUTE AND A HALF LATER... IF HIS 'CHUTE DOESN'T OPEN!



NO WONDER JOE LOUIS' FOES KISS THE CANVAS WHEN HIS RIGHT THUDS HOME... THAT PUNCH TRAVELS JUST ABOUT A FOOT... AT A RATE OF 127 M.P.H.!

BF-228

GAS HOUSE GUS, FAMED EVERGLADES FROG, JUMPED 19 FEET AT SARASOTA, FLORIDA IN 1937 FOR THE WORLD'S RECORD.



CONSIDERED BY MANY ATHLETES THE TOUGHEST SPORT OF ALL, LACROSSE IS CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME. NOT FOR PLAYERS WITH SOFT SKULLS, THOUGH!

The Lancers Are Coming!

By William McClellan

BERT COLLINS was the son of an English missionary in India. Because of the revolutionary activities in the Northwest Provinces, his father was sending the boy to the United States until things quieted down.

Bert was traveling down the Brahmaputra River with a pet that had been given to him by an officer in the Bengal rifles. It was a curious bird with pouches over its eyes like the wattles on a rooster. The boy was proud of it.

The boat was still quite a distance from its destination when Bert and his native companion, Golambi, were surprised by a disturbance as they slept.

"What is it?" demanded the boy. Golambi sat up and put one finger to his lips.

"Do not make any noise," the native replied. "They are river pirates."

Soon the pirates came aboard and all the passengers were lined up along the decks of the boat. The pirates, who were dressed in turbans and breech cloths, went down the line and collected the purses of the wealthier merchants on the boat. One of them stopped alongside Bert Collins and said:

"Ha, here is the son of the American missionary! We should be able to secure much money for his release. Let us take him with us."

The officers of the boat protested, but several of the pirates grabbed Bert Collins roughly, and hurried him down to the small boat they had used to come alongside the river steamer. Bert Collins whistled and his pet bird came to sit upon his shoulder.

In the darkness the little feathered friend was unnoticed.

The pirates rowed ashore and were soon moving along one of the jungle trails toward their encampment. There was a great deal of discussion among the pirates as to how much they might expect to get for the release of the boy. Bar-lema, the leader of the pirates, mentioned a price something like 100,000 rupees. The pirates' eyes gleamed with greed.

The camp was only a couple of miles from the river. But sentries were put out and kept a careful guard. Early the next morning Bar-lema had written a message that was to be sent to the nearest village.

One of the sentries came running in and shouted:

"Someone is in the jungle, we must be on guard."

Bert Collins was waiting for something like this. He whistled to his pet bird and then began to hum one of the melodies of a popular British bugle call. A moment later a harsh voice cried out:

"Turn out the Guard! The Lancers are Coming!"

This was followed almost immediately by the loud, clear notes of a bugle sounding the charge for the Bengal Lancers!

"It's the British!" cried Bar-lema, and a moment later he and his pirate friends were running off through the jungle. The loot they had taken from the river boat was forgotten in their haste.

Bert Collins hid behind a tree, then he looked out to see faithful little Golambi coming into the clearing. The boy ran to Bert and asked.

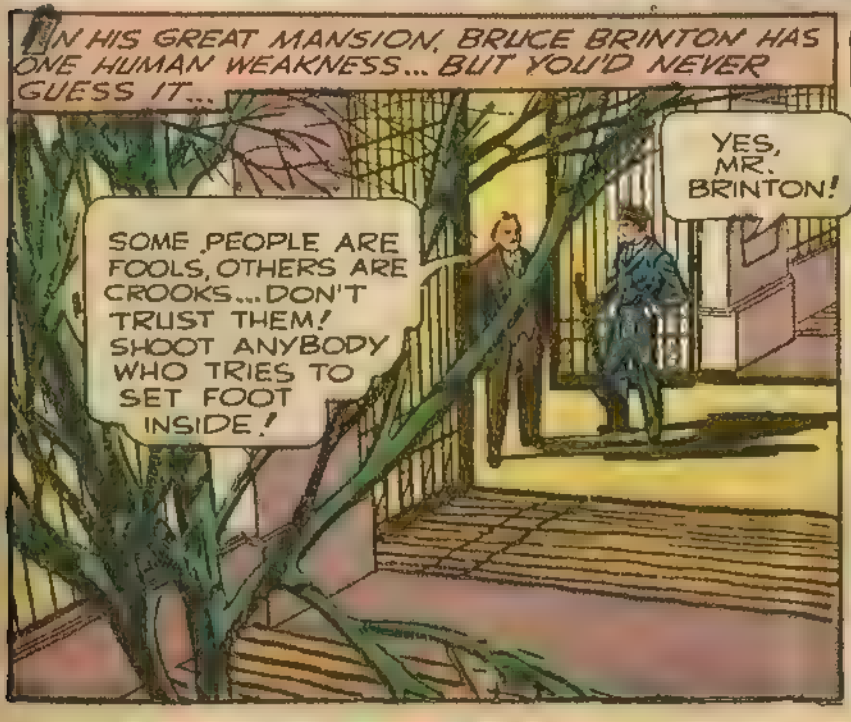
"What happened? I heard the orders and the bugle calls, but where are the Lancers?"

"There are no lancers," laughed Bert Collins. "Bar-lema forgot that the Indian hill-myna is one of the greatest mimics in the bird world. This one spent all of his life with the Bengal Lancers, and he liked to imitate the orders of the top sergeant and the bugler. Let's take this loot back to the river. The pirates left their boat there. Perhaps we can overtake the steamer at the next landing below."

Golambi was proud of his American friend. The two lads shouldered the thieves' loot and headed toward the river.

The Black TERROR

Be Kind to animals... but be sure your kindness doesn't get you into trouble! That's what happens when a kind man pities the poor pup who not only leads a dog's life but also stooges for scoundrels! Then the Terror Twins declare open season on crooks... and point for peril as they follow the trail of...
"The PLUNDERING POOCH!"


IN HIS GREAT MANSION, BRUCE BRINTON HAS ONE HUMAN WEAKNESS... BUT YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT...
SOME PEOPLE ARE FOOLS, OTHERS ARE CROOKS... DON'T TRUST THEM! SHOOT ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO SET FOOT INSIDE!
YES, MR. BRINTON!

NONSENSE, MARY. I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE — LOOK AT THAT! SOME KIDS TIED THOSE TIN CANS TO THE DOG'S TAIL... THEY OUGHT TO BE SHOT!
AND THEN... THE WEAKNESS! BRUCE BRINTON LOVES DOGS!
EASY, PUP, I'LL HAVE THEM OFF IN NO TIME!
IF YOU THOUGHT AS MUCH OF PEOPLE AS YOU THINK OF ANIMALS, PERHAPS YOU'D FIND SOMEONE YOU COULD TRUST!
AND NOW TO FEED YOU... SOME GOOD RED MEAT... A BONE... EVERYTHING A DOG WOULD WANT!
SOMEDAY, DAD WILL LEARN HIS LESSON!
MEANWHILE, DOWN THE STREET, HACKER KANE AND A HENCHMAN ARE CHUCKLING!
THE OLD BOY FELL FOR IT, HACKER! HE HAS NO IDEA YOU FASTENED A WALKIE-TALKIE UNDER THE MUTT'S COLLAR!
74.. 53.. LEFT TO 86...
THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS LEARN WHAT TIME THE BURGLAR ALARM GOES ON... AND OUR PLANS ARE SET!
BUT THAT EVENING, AS TIM DELIVERS MEDICINE TO AN EMERGENCY CALL...
LUCKY I DELIVERED THAT SERUM IN TIME... GOT JUST THIS ONE PACKAGE TO GO... BUT WHAT'S THAT CAR PARKED THERE FOR?
MAYO'S

HEY, THAT KID'S WATCHIN' US!
BURGLAR TOOLS...
THIS WILL FIX HIM... WHEN I HACK THEM DOWN, THEY STAY DOWN!
HEY! DON'T—
HEY... WATCH IT!
HOPE THAT STUFF DON'T RUIN THE SUIT... IT COST ME PLENTY!
DON'T WORRY... WE'RE GONNA CLEAN UP ENOUGH TO BUY A THOUSAND SUITS!
I FEEL DIZZY... MUST BE A PHONE NEAR... GOT TO WARN BOB... GET INTO COSTUME...
QUICK CALL TO BOB BENTON. AND PRESENTLY..
I'M POSITIVE THEY WERE PLANNING TO ROB THIS PLACE!
THEY KNOCKED OUT THE GUARD! COME ON, KID! THEY CERTAINLY WEREN'T PLAYING! THESE THUGS HAVE PLANNED CAREFULLY!
BUT THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON US!
THE BLACK TERROR AND THE TERROR KID!
3

YOU GET THE LOVING CUP... FOR THIS PRIZE KICK!
UP!
TRYING TO PLAY IT SAFE, HUH?
OWWW....
BOP
BUT AS THE TWIN TERRORS ARE GAINING THE UPPER HAND...
WHA...?
WHAT A MUTT! OUR PAL TO THE END!
YOU'RE TOUGH, TERROR... IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN ONE HACK TO PUT YOU OUT! BUT THANKS TO OUR MUTT, I GOT THE CHANCE!
NOW WE CAN GANG UP ON THE OTHER ONE...
IT'S A PLEASURE...
HELP! SOMEBODY'S BROKEN INTO THE HOUSE!
NO TIME TO FINISH THEM OFF... LET'S GET GOING!

THE BLACK TERROR... HOW DID THEY GET YOU?
THE DOG... THEY SAID HE WAS THEIRS! I TRIPPED OVER HIM!
THIS DOG? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
NOW, FATHER, DON'T DECIDE THAT EVEN ANIMALS CAN'T BE TRUSTED!
BUT THE CROOKS CAME THE SAME DAY I FOUND HIM, MARY! CAN'T I EVEN TRUST A DOG?
TRUST THE BLACK TERROR, DAD! I'VE A HUNCH THAT HE'LL HELP EVEN YOU!
WE'LL SEE IF THIS DOG CAN'T HELP US TRAIL HIS CROOKED MASTERS!
I DON'T GET IT, TERROR! HE ISN'T A TRAINED HUNTING DOG... HE CAN'T FOLLOW A TRAIL!
HE CAN FOLLOW THIS ONE! REMEMBER THAT BOTTLE OF MEDICINE THAT SPILLED AGAINST THE THUG? IT HAD ANISE IN IT...
ANISE HAS A STRONG LICORICE-LIKE SMELL... EVEN AN UNTRAINED DOG CAN FOLLOW THAT!
RIGHT, TERROR... GOSH, HE'S FOUND THE TRAIL ALREADY!
BUT IN A WAREHOUSE ALONG THE WATERFRONT...
WE'RE GOING TOWARD THE WATERFRONT SLUMS... BET THOSE THUGS ARE CLOSE BY!
THE MUTT'S HELPIN' THE TERRORS TRAIL US! BOSS, LET'S GIVE THEM A NICE RECEPTION!
5

THUS IT IS, THAT AS THE TWIN TRAILERS OF CRIME REACH JOURNEY'S END...
THANKS FOR THE SECOND CHANCE, SAPS! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINISHED!
ALL DOORS LOCKED BUT ONE... AND WE LOCK THAT AFTER WE GET OUT! NO CHANCE FOR YOU TO ESCAPE!
AND JUST TO MAKE SURE... WE'RE GONNA WATCH FROM OUTSIDE!
MOMENTS LATER...
THE FIRE DROVE THEM TO THE TOP... NOW THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT! LET'S GO, BOYS, BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!
BUT INSIDE... THE BLACK TERROR HAS BEEN ACTIVE!
LOOK, KID... TWO PARACHUTES I FOUND PILED UP WITH SOME JUNK! LET'S HEAD FOR THE ROOF!
WE JUST OPEN THEM BEFORE JUMPING... LET THE WIND CATCH THEM... NO CHANCE THAT WAY OF THE RIP-CORD FAILING...
AND HERE'S OUR CANINE FRIEND TO GREET US!
AS WELL AS TO HELP US TRAIL THOSE CROOKS AGAIN!

NO, KID, I JUST REALIZED! WE HAVE TO GUARD A NIGHT SHIFT PAYROLL AT THE GRAHAM FACTORY!
WHA...?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TERROR'S DRIVING AT... BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER PLAY ALONG!
AND AS THE CRIMINALS ONCE MORE LISTEN IN...
GEE, I WAS FORGETTING THAT PAYROLL! LET'S GO... WE'LL TRAIL THIS BUNCH SOME OTHER TIME!
HMM... THEY ESCAPED, BOSS... BUT THIS TIME WE KNOW WE AIN'T BEIN' FOLLOWED! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY!
BUT ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LATER..
HELLO, RATS... THE PAYROLL'S TAKING CARE OF ITSELF!
WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THE PAYOFF!
HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING HACKED, HACKER?
CUT IT OUT! I QUIT!
TAKE THE MUTT OFF ME ... I GIVE UP!
AFTERWARDS, WITH THE THUGS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE...
IT WAS ONLY WHEN I HELD HIM-BY THE COLLAR THAT I REALIZED HE CARRIED A WALKIE-TALKIE! THE THUGS LISTENED IN ON ALL WE SAID!
SO THAT'S HOW THEY USED HIM! I SURE WAS PUZZLED WHEN YOU STARTED TO TALK ABOUT THAT PAYROLL!
THANKS FOR EXPLAINING THINGS, BLACK TERROR... NOW THAT I KNOW HE'S AN HONEST DOG, I'LL KEEP HIM! YOU'VE JUST RESTORED MY FAITH IN CANINE NATURE!
AND IN PEOPLE, TOO, BLACK TERROR! DON'T LET DAD'S HARD SHELL FOOL YOU! HE'S A KIND-HEARTED SOFTY UNDERNEATH!
7

LUCKY JOHN'S DISCOVERY

By Chuck Stanley

LUCKY JOHN CARSON was working for the Canadian Dominion Government, looking for new traces of radium deposits in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake. He was lonesome when his son, a naval officer, left him, but this summer he had company in the shape of his sixteen-year-old grandson, George Carson.

"Do you ever find anything up here besides uranium?" George asked the old man.

"Oh, sure," Lucky John replied. "Just the other day I found a good vein of gold. You're my partner because you were here when I found it."

Just as Lucky John spoke, there was a banging on the door and two men pushed into his little cabin. One of them snarled and said: "So you've made a discovery, Lucky John?"

"Nothing that will interest the likes of you, Pierre Le Blanc," he replied.

"I don't know about that," Pierre replied. "I make plenty of money taking care of these American criminals who come up to hide from their police. The Mounted Police do not find them either. But a few thousand dollars in gold That is good, too."

Pierre's companion was fingering a heavy gun, and aimed it at the old man. "Speak up, Mister," he said. "Maybe my share of this will be big enough to take me down to South America."

Lucky John studied the two men carefully, then he said: "There is no gold. I'm just spinning a tall story for the boy. He came up here for excitement."

The Frenchman and his American companion pushed the man and the boy into a corner and tied them up. Then they set about systematically to search the cabin. They upset everything in sight, but did not have much success.

Night closed in about them, and the Carsons were bound to a bunk. Before they went to sleep, Lucky John said: "You'd better take in the flag, or someone will think we're unpatriotic here."

Trigger Kane, Pierre's companion, went out and brought in the British Union Jack that flew from the pole in front of the door. Then captors and captives went to sleep. Pierre was planning to search the vicinity of the cabin the next morning to find the gold mine.

The quartette in the cabin woke early. Pierre ordered Lucky John to start breakfast. As the old man worked, he asked: "How about putting that flag back up?"

Trigger Kane looked at Pierre. The Frenchman nodded. "I'll go help him," suggested the boy. Pierre watched the youth, then shrugged. Suddenly a thought occurred to him and he smiled. "So you want to trick us, hey? You think you will give some sort of a signal with the flag, hey?"

George Carson shook his head emphatically. "I don't think Trigger Kane would let me do that." Trigger Kane looked at the Frenchman and asked:

"What is this signal?"

"The boy's father he is the naval officer. On the boats they signal 'distress' by hanging the flag upside down."

Trigger Kane nodded. Then he picked up the flag and the boy followed him out. They fooled with the halyards, unfastening the knots Kane had gotten into them the night before. Finally George took the flag while Kane worked on the knots. When the rope was free, he passed one of the eyelets to Kane, and the crook fastened the rope to it. A minute later the flag was going up the staff.

Pierre and Trigger searched the neighborhood all morning. At noon they had an unexpected visitor. Constable Jim Davenport of the Royal Mounted stepped out from behind a rock and covered the two crooks. He had heard enough in his hiding place to know just what they were doing. The Carsons were released in the cabin, and Pierre Le Blanc shouted:

"How did you get here, Red Coat?"

"The flag," Constable Davenport said. "It's upside down!"

"Upside down?" Trigger Kane said incredulously.

George Carson had gambled on the fact that, like most Americans, Trigger Kane didn't know the only difference between one end of the Union Jack and the other, which is in the width of the white stripes. George's hunch paid off. Lucky John was proud of him!

George and His Grandfather Make a Swell Team!

The BLACK TERROR
AHOY, BABY-FACE FELTON! WE'VE GOT THE STUFF! IS EVERYTHING SET TO SMUGGLE IT ONTO THE MAINLAND?
FELTON NEVER FAILS! THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF A SLIP-UP!
Dark doings in a lighthouse... and danger stalks the Terror Twins as they swing into action to answer a crook's call for help! But if the Black Terror and Tim are bad medicine for crooks... criminal plans likewise threaten the black-garbed pair with shipwreck as they tackle...
"LARCENY in the LIGHTHOUSE!"
B-298
JERRY ROBINSON MOE MESKIN
17

OUTSIDE A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE, KEEPER HANK HARPER IS SHOWING SOME BIRDS TO HIS VISITING GRAND-DAUGHTER.
HURRY UP, YOU FELLOWS... FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!
IT'S WONDERFUL... THE WAY THEY COME TO YOU!
NOW THEY'RE GETTING FRIENDLY... EATING OUT OF MY HAND!
HOW ABOUT SHOWING ME THE BOOK YOU'RE WRITING, GRANDPA?
IN A MINUTE, JANE. YOU GO ON IN. I WANT TO FEED BOLO, A REAL TERROR WHEN IT COMES TO FOOD! I'LL JOIN YOU SOON...
ALL RIGHT, GRANP! DON'T BE LONG!
WHILE JANE HARPER LOOKS OVER AN INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT...
GRANDPA CERTAINLY LEADS AN INTERESTING LIFE, BUT THERE HASN'T BEEN MUCH EXCITEMENT OF LATE..
YEOW!
WHAT'S THAT?
THAT GULL, BOLO, IS A GLUTTON! TORE MY HAND TRYING TO GET THAT SARDINE... WHY, HE'D FIGHT AN EAGLE FOR A MEAL!
YES, AND I PITY THE EAGLE! LET ME BANDAGE YOUR FINGER, GRANDPA!

SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR-BOAT..WONDER WHO'S COMING HERE...
CHUG CHUG
YOU'LL FIND OUT LATER. HOLD STILL!
SUDDENLY...
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE OLD MAN! KEEP YER EYE ON TH' GAL!
YOU...YOU BRUTE!
HE'S COLDER'N A MACKEREL, BOSS!
DARN MY COLD.. SNIFF... MY HEAD FEELS... ACHOOO!
YOU'RE BABY-FACE FELTON! I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!
SO WHAT? KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.... AND BEHAVE ...OR I'LL...
THIS IS IMPORTANT! WE GOT A SHIP COMING IN SOON WITH SMUGGLED GOODS... WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE COAST GUARD ISN'T WARNED!
BETTER FIX UP YOUR COLD, BOSS... I'LL CALL A DRUG STORE...
THUS SHORTLY, IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
SOMETHING TO EASE A COLD? I'LL HAVE IT DELIVERED RIGHT AWAY... YOU'LL GIVE THE BOY A TEN-DOLLAR BILL? THANKS...
3

A WOMAN'S SCREAM... I'D BETTER HELP TIM MAKE THAT DELIVERY!
EEEEEEEE
BUT WITH JANE GAGGED... WHO COULD HAVE SCREAMED? WE TAKE YOU TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AGAIN...
BOLO WANTS TO BE FED AGAIN... HE'LL TAKE ANY CHANCE FOR A MEAL!
MOMENTS LATER...
FOR TEN DOLLARS, I DECIDED TO MAKE THE DELIVERY MYSELF!
THANKS, IT'S FOR ME BROTHER! WE COULDN'T GET A DOCTOR ...WE AIN'T SEEN NOBODY FOR A WEEK!
SAYS HE HASN'T SEEN ANYBODY FOR A WEEK... AND THAT WAS YESTERDAY'S PAPER IN THE BOAT! SOMETHING'S PHONEY... WE'D BETTER CHANGE QUICK!
AS THE BOAT TURNS AND STARTS TO CHUG BACK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE... TWO BLACK FIGURES CLING UNSEEN TO THE SIDES...
IT'S LOSING SPEED. SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THE MOTOR...
HIYA, BOSS... I GOT IT!
"BOSS"... AND HE TALKED OF HIS BROTHER!

BABY-FACE FELTON! HEAR YOU HAVE A COLD!
WE'LL CURE IT BY PUTTING THE HEAT ON YOU!
OW!
THIS OLD HARPOON COMES IN HANDY... A LIGHTHOUSE IS A WHALE OF A PLACE FOR A FIGHT!
OH!
BUT THE THIRD THUG PICKS UP A FISHING NET AND..
JUST A POOR FISH WHAT'S BEEN CAUGHT!
TRAPPED!
WE'LL MAKE A NEAT PACKAGE OF THEM, BOSS! THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT!
FINE! THIS DOES ME MORE GOOD THAN THE MEDICINE!
NO NEED TO GAG THEM... NOBODY'D HEAR THEM IF THEY YELLED, ANYWAY! WE'LL GO UP TO THE TOWER WHERE WE CAN WATCH FOR THE COAST GUARD!

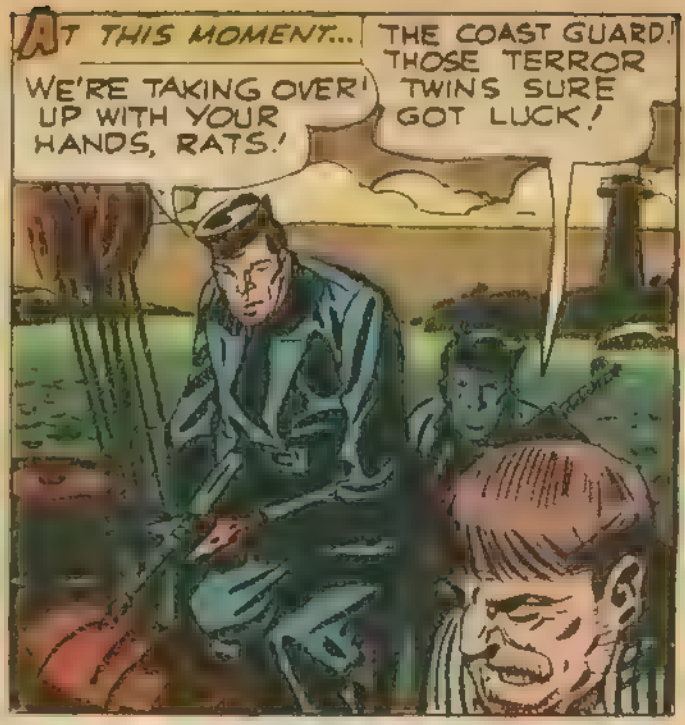
AFTER THE THUGS HAVE GONE TO THE TOWER...
SORRY TO SEE YOU FELLOWS SO HELPLESS!
WE'RE NOT SO HELPLESS... AND WHO'S THAT SCREAMING?
EEEEEEEEEEEE
THAT'S ONE OF THE SEA GULLS! I CALL HIM BOLO! HE ALWAYS SCREECHES WHEN HE'S HUNGRY... PITY I CAN'T FEED HIM NOW!
A SEA GULL... AND OVER THE PHONE, I THOUGHT IT WAS A WOMAN!
HE TEARS SARDINES OUT OF MY CLOSED FISTS...
HE DOES, EH? THEN, MAYBE...
HERE, BOLO... SARDINES!
RIP!
RRRRRIP!
I CAN PUT MY HANDS OUT NOW AND UNTIE HANK!
MOMENTS LATER...
GO TO IT, TERROR!
COME ON, TIM... TO THE TOWER!

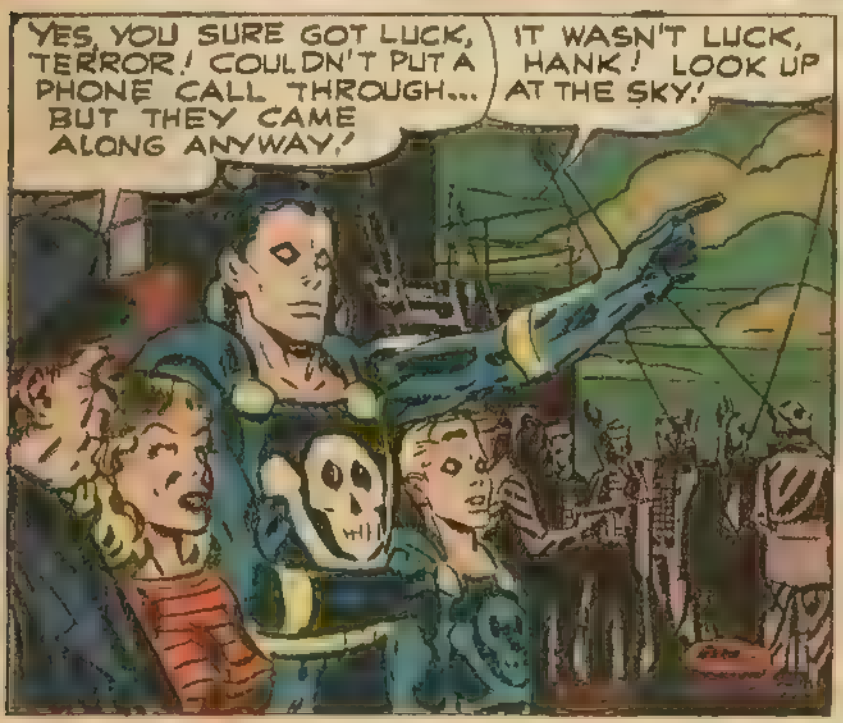
THEN...
LOOK, BOSS ...THEY'RE LOOSE!
AND WE'RE GOING TO LET LOOSE ON YOU RATS!
SAIL INTO THEM, TERROR!
TIME TO DROP ANCHOR!
OOOOO! MY STOMACH!
OKAY, IF BULLETS ARE THE ONLY THING THAT WILL STOP YOU —I'M GIVING THEM TO YOU!
UNEXPECTEDLY, JANE APPEARS CLUTCHING A PEPPER CONTAINER...
AND HERE'S SOME RED PEPPER... THE MEDICINE YOU NEED!
WHA...!
CLEVER WORK, JANE... AND IN THE NICK OF TIME!
AHH-CHOO
17

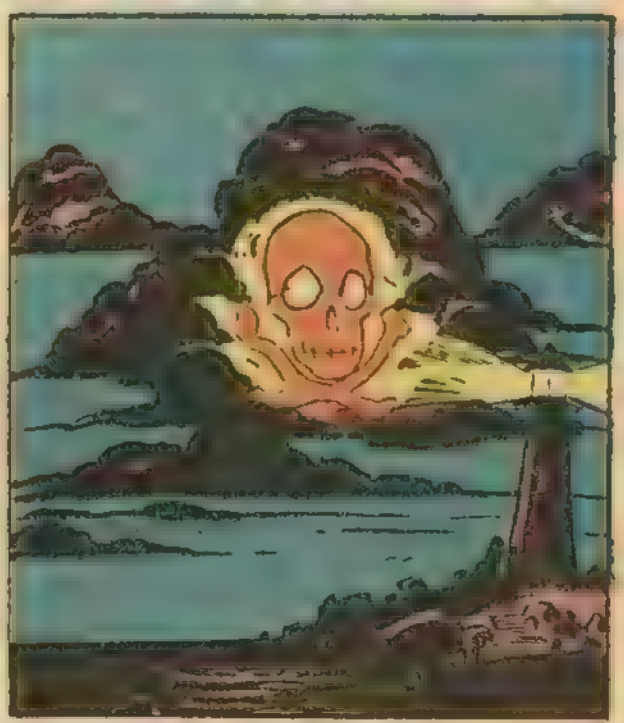
LOOK, A SHIP COMING IN... THE ONE THEY EXPECTED!
WITH SMUGGLED GOODS! WE'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE COAST GUARD!
AH-CHOO! OW!
FELTON AND HIS THUGS ARE TIED UP...
NO ANSWER... THEY MUST HAVE CUT THE WIRES!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO LET THE COAST GUARD KNOW!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA... BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. GET YOUR MOTOR-BOAT READY... WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE SMUGGLERS!
THIS SHOULD BE FUN!
PRESENTLY...
HEY, LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'... AN OLD MAN AND A DAME!
WE'LL HANDLE THEM! GET A RECEPTION PARTY READY!
WELCOME, SAPS! WE GOT SOME NICE JEWELRY FOR YOU!
YEAH... AN IRON BRACELET, TO KEEP YOU AND THE LADY QUIET!
BUT SECONDS LATER...
SORRY, PAL... YOU FORGOT TO SEARCH THE MOTOR BEAT!
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HIDDEN UNDER A TARPAULIN! WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!

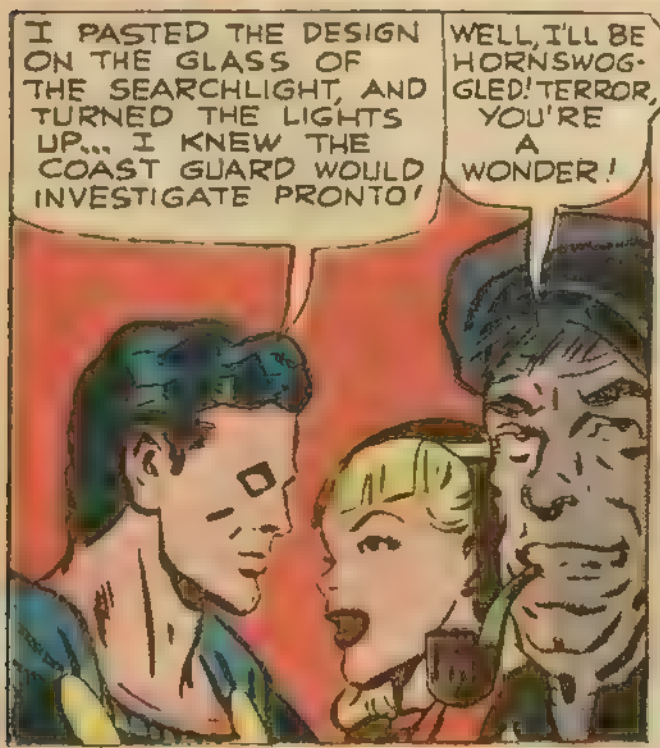
NOT TO SAY RIGHT-CROSSED!
ARGH!
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SMUGGLE A FEW PUNCHES INTO THEIR STOOGES!
HE WANTS TO PLAY!
A TREMENDOUS HEAVE BY THE BLACK-GARBED NEMESIS OF CRIME...
WHAM!
...BUT THE TERROR TWINS HAVE OVERLOOKED THE MURDEROUS CAPTAIN...
OKAY, YOU TIN SOLDIERS... YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY!
BUT JANE PICKS UP A CAN OF OIL PAINT...
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OIL HERE FOR TROUBLED WATERS ...BUT THERE'S ENOUGH TO CALM YOU DOWN, CAPTAIN!
9

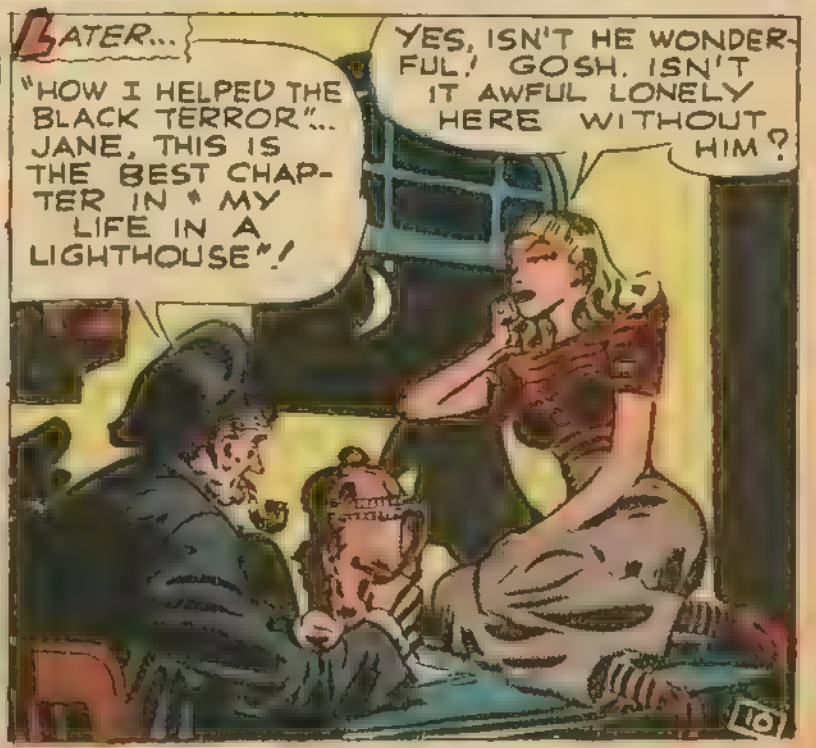
BUT AS THE TERRORS WHIRL TO GLANCE AT THE DRAMA BEHIND THEM...
WHAT A BREAK!
NOW WE GOT 'EM!


AT THIS MOMENT...
WE'RE TAKING OVER! UP WITH YOUR HANDS, RATS!
THE COAST GUARD! THOSE TERROR TWINS SURE GOT LUCK!


YES, YOU SURE GOT LUCK, TERROR! COULDN'T PUT A PHONE CALL THROUGH... BUT THEY CAME ALONG ANYWAY!
IT WASN'T LUCK, HANK! LOOK UP AT THE SKY!

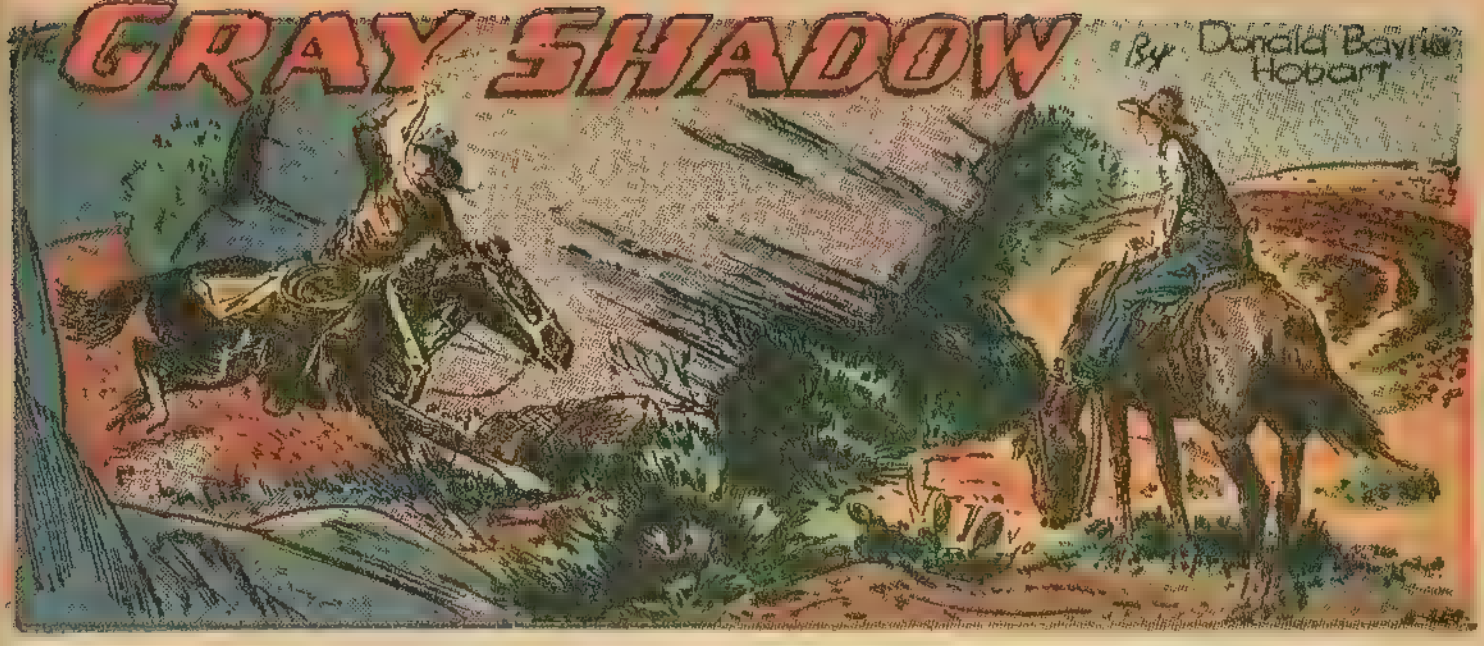



I PASTED THE DESIGN ON THE GLASS OF THE SEARCHLIGHT, AND TURNED THE LIGHTS UP... I KNEW THE COAST GUARD WOULD INVESTIGATE PRONTO!
WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! TERROR, YOU'RE A WONDER!


LATER...
"HOW I HELPED THE BLACK TERROR"... JANE, THIS IS THE BEST CHAPTER IN MY LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE"!
YES, ISN'T HE WONDERFUL! GOSH. ISN'T IT AWFUL LONELY HERE WITHOUT HIM?

GRAY SHADOW

By Donald Bayne Hobart



DANNY HUTTON halted his little cowpony and sat in the saddle listening tensely. From the mouth of the canyon there came the sound of a second shot. The sudden gunfire worried the sheriff's fourteen-year-old son.

"Dad has been somewhere around here hunting that outlaw who calls himself the Gray Shadow," Danny muttered. "Wonder if they were firing those shots?"

He was about to ride into the canyon to try and see what had happened, when a horseman appeared, coming out of the entrance of the gulch at a gallop. Danny saw that he was a big man dressed in gray and riding a black horse.

The man spied the boy and halted his mount when he reached him.

"Howdy, son," he said in a deep voice "Reckon you heard that shooting I was doing back there in the canyon. I just shot a wolf." The man smiled. "I'm Buck Shaw. What's yore name?"

"Danny," answered the boy.

He wondered if this Buck Shaw was really the Gray Shadow and if the wolf the man claimed he had shot had really been Danny's father, Sheriff Jed Hutton But he did not want Shaw to think he was in the least suspicious.

"Danny, eh?" said Shaw, looking at the range clothes that the boy wore. "You look like a real cowhand. Do you work around here?"

"Shore do," said Danny, thinking quickly. "I'm the wrangler for the Cross-in-A-Box outfit. I take care of the horses."

"Reckon that they have some pretty good broncs there," said Shaw. "Funny, I was a wrangler when I was yore age. Seems a long time ago now."

"We've got one thoroughbred stallion that is worth over a thousand dollars," said Danny. "That's some horse."

"Sounds like it," said Shaw, his eyes glittering. "And where do you keep it?"

"In the barn," said Danny.

"Guess I'll be riding," said the man in gray. "See you around, Danny."

"I've got to get back home, too," said Danny.

The man rode North and Danny rode South. When he was sure that Shaw was out of sight the boy circled back to the canyon. Just as he got there his father came riding out. There was blood on the sheriff's forehead. Danny anxiously asked what had happened

"I tangled with the Gray Shadow," said the sheriff "He shot me—creased my head and knocked me out. Reckon he thought he had killed me and just left me lying there. He got away."

"I know," said Danny. "I met him and he told me he had shot a wolf. But I think you may still be able to capture him, Dad. Listen!"

For a few minutes the boy talked earnestly and his father paid close attention. Finally the sheriff nodded.

"No harm in trying it, son," he said.

LATE that night it was very quiet on the Cross-in-A-Box ranch. The ranchhouse and bunkhouse windows were dark. Out of the shadows appeared a tall figure, a bandanna mask hiding the lower part of his face.

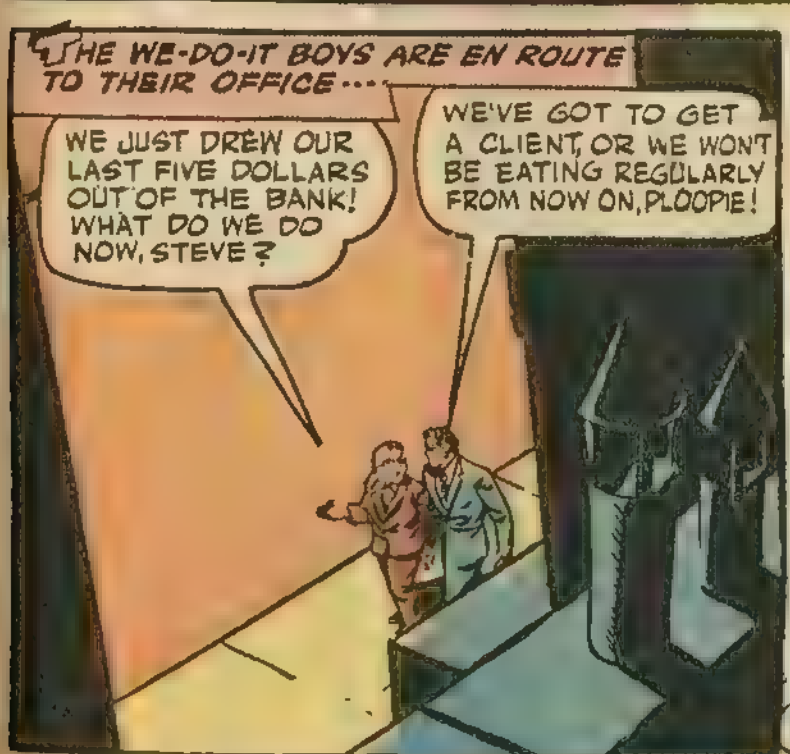
He moved silently to the big barn, found a door unlocked and stepped inside. An oil lantern was burning inside. The masked man stepped to a stall in which a beautiful bay stallion stood.

"All right, Gray Shadow," snapped Sheriff Hutton stepping out of the shadows, gun in hand. "I've got you, don't touch yore gun!" Two of the sheriff's deputies and Danny also appeared. "My son was smart," said the sheriff "He thought if you were the Gray Shadow you would try to steal the horse he told you about, and he was right!"

Danny Hutton Has His Own Way of Handling an Outlaw!

RICO
BANANAS 25¢ A DOZ.
NOBODY BUY-A DA BANANA! IF I DON'T SELL DA BANANA... I WON'T HAVE MONEY TO BUY ME DA SUPPER!
6 HOURS LATER-
I'LL MAKE-A DA BANANA CHEAPER! THEN THEY WILL BUY THEM!
BANANAS 25¢ 15¢ A DOZEN
3 TIMES I CUT DA PRICE, AND NO SALE! DA SUN SHE'S GOING DOWN! HOW AM I, RICO, GOING TO GET MY SUPPER?
BANANAS 25¢ 15¢ 10¢ 5¢ A DOZEN
SNAP!
BANANAS
AC-725

The Crime Crushers
This is a GUEST FEATURE
WHEN PLOOPIE AND STEVE···THE WE-DO-IT BOYS···FIND THEMSELVES INVOLVED IN THE RESCUE OF VITALLY IMPORTANT AIRPLANE DESIGNS···STOLEN BY MISTAKE···THERE ENSUES A HELTER-SKELTER OF ADVENTURE AND COMEDY THAT WILL LEAVE YOU WONDERING HOW THE WHOLE MIXUP WILL WIND UP! IN "AERIAL ACROBATS!"


THE WE-DO-IT BOYS ARE EN ROUTE TO THEIR OFFICE···
WE JUST DREW OUR LAST FIVE DOLLARS OUT OF THE BANK! WHAT DO WE DO NOW, STEVE?
WE'VE GOT TO GET A CLIENT, OR WE WON'T BE EATING REGULARLY FROM NOW ON, PLOOPIE!

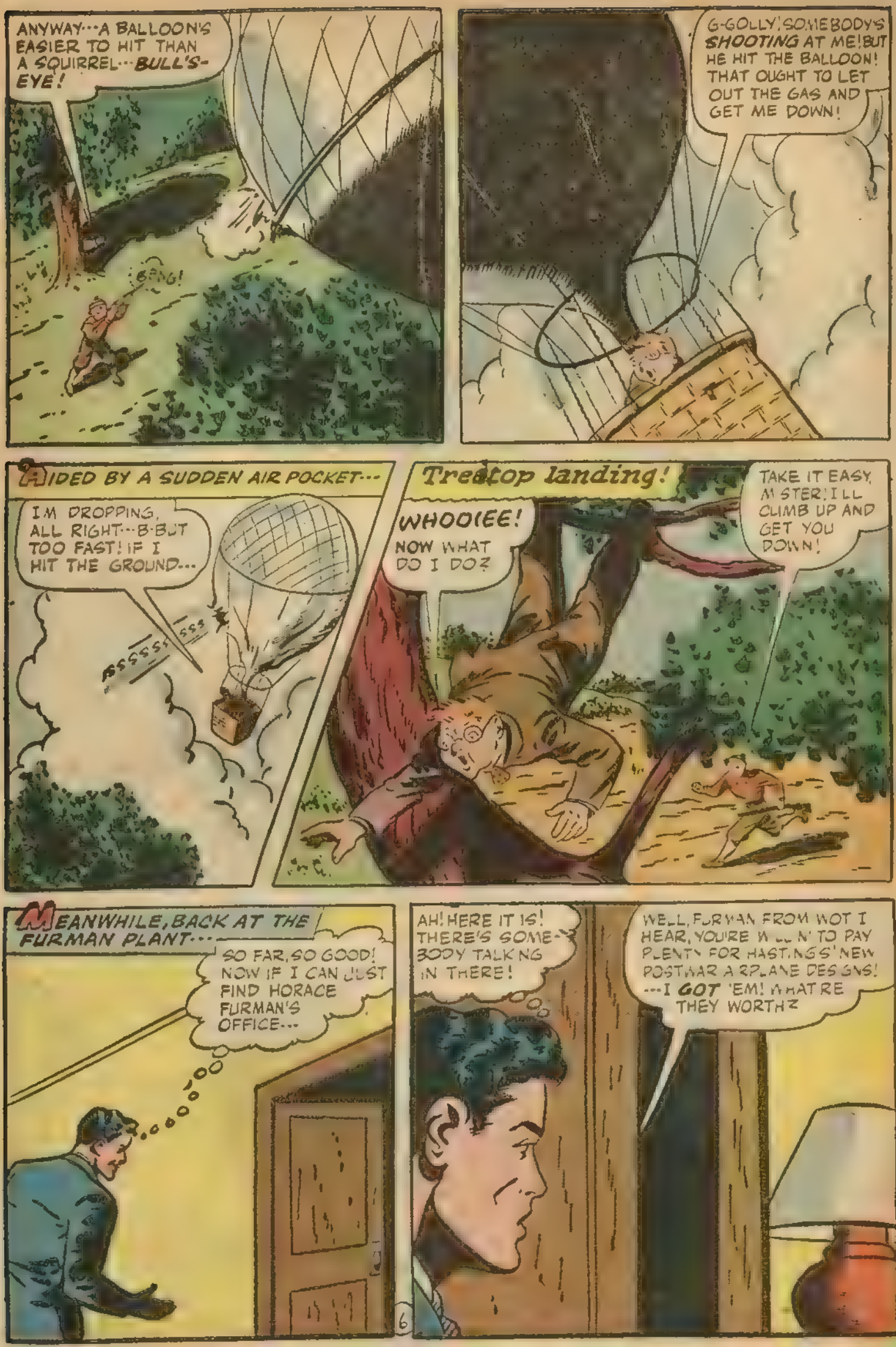
LET'S TAKE A SHORT CUT THROUGH THIS ALLEY! WE CAN···
I···I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN!

COULD YOU TELL ME---WHERE I AM? I---SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME! I'M---CONFUSED!
YOU'RE IN LANE ALLEY, OFF PALMER STREET! WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
I'M ABNER HASTINGS---OWNER OF THE HASTINGS AIRPLANE COMPANY! I GOT INTO A TAXICAB NEAR MY HOME --IT WAS DEFINITELY EMPTY--- I REMEMBER THAT! THAT'S THE LAST THING I DO REMEMBER! NEXT THING I KNEW---
---I WAS IN THIS ALLEYWAY! MY WALLET IS GONE, AND ALSO SOME IMPORTANT POSTWAR AIRPLANE DESIGNS I'D BEEN WORKING ON AT HOME! MY COMPETITOR, HORACE FURMAN, OF FURMAN AIRCRAFT, WOULD PAY A LOT TO SEE THOSE PLANS!
WELL---DO YOU THINK MR. FURMAN COULD HAVE HIRED SOMEBODY TO---
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST AN ORDINARY ROBBERY---HOWEVER IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED! ---I'M GOING TO TURN THE WHOLE MATTER OVER TO THE POLICE!
PERHAPS WE CAN BE OF HELP! HERE'S OUR CARD!
"THE WE-DO-IT BOYS---CRIME CRUSHERS!"--HMMM ---IT MIGHT BE BEST TO HANDLE THIS UNOFFICIALLY! I'M GOING TO PLAY A HUNCH AND HIRE YOU TWO! I'LL GIVE YOU $500 DOWN, AND $5000 IF YOU GET BACK THOSE PLANS FOR ME!
MR. HASTINGS--- YOUR CASE IS AS GOOD AS SOLVED!
YIPPEE! WE EAT AGAIN!
WE'VE GOT TO DO MORE THAN EAT, PLOOPIE---WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK THOSE PLANS! AND THE CRUCIAL SPOT IN THIS WHOLE SET-UP IS THE FURMAN AIRCRAFT CORP.! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!
2

(3) SHORT TIME LATER···
IF IT WAS AN ORDINARY ROBBERY, THE CROOKS ARE LIKELY TO TRY TO SELL THE PLANS HERE! AND IF FURMAN HIMSELF WAS BEHIND THE THEFT, THIS IS CERTAINLY THE PLACE TO LOOK FOR DEVELOPMENTS!
FIRST DEVELOPMENT IS··· HOW'RE WE GONNA GET INSIDE THE PLANT?
FURMAN AIRCRAFT CORP.
WATCH!··· HIYA, BOYS!
HEY! WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
WERE THE PRIVATE DETECTIVES MR. FURMAN HIRED! OUT OF OUR WAY, BUD!
WE DIDN'T GET ANY INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT PRIVATE DETECTIVES! YOU WAIT HERE TILL I PHONE MR. FURMAN'S OFFICE!
OH-OH! WE GOT STRUCK OUT!
GET OUT AND STAY OUT! MR. FURMAN NEVER HEARD OF YOU!
WELL, MR. MENTAL GIANT··· NOW WHAT?
EVEN A GENIUS CAN'T BE RIGHT ALL THE TIME! I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA! REMEMBER THAT AUCTION WE SAW ON THE ROAD AS WE CAME OUT HERE···?
AH··· THE WIND'S JUST RIGHT! OKAY, PLOOPIE, LET'S GET TO WORK! WE HAVE A PURCHASE TO MAKE!
AUCTION SALE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS OBSERVATION BALLOONS
3

TWENTY MINUTES LATER···
WELL, PLOOPIE··· THIS LITTLE AIR TRAVELER BELONGS TO US NOW!
BUT, STEVE···YOU PAID OUT THE FULL $500 FOR IT! NOW WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM! AND HOW CAN WE USE THIS THING, ANYWAY? IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY MOTIVE POWER···IT WAS MADE TO BE MOORED TO THE GROUND ALL THE TIME!
BUT IT DOES HAVE MOTIVE POWER···THE WIND! THAT'S WHY I TESTED THE WIND DIRECTION WITH MY FINGER BEFORE!···NOW GET IN, AND WAIT TILL I RIG UP A COMPANION AND GIVE YOU YOUR INSTRUCTIONS···
B-B-BUT, STEVE···
SO LONG, PLOOPIE! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!
GOSH!
RETURNING TO THE FURMAN PLANT···
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN?
I'M TELLING YOU, GUARD, YOU MADE A MISTAKE! I···
THAT BALLOON'S PRETTY LOW! I WONDER WHAT··
Suddenly···
SOMEBODY'S FALLING FROM THE BALLOON! LOOK OUT!
EEEEEEEEE!

IS···IS HE DEAD?
MAKE WAY! LEMME THROUGH!
SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR!
SWELL! THEY LEFT THE GATE COMPLETELY UNGUARDED! HERE I GO!
PLOOPIE'S "COMPANION"!
IT'S A STRAW DUMMY!
WHA···! SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE, HEY?
AS PLOOPIE DRIFTS ON···
I'VE HIT AN UPDRAFT ···AND I'M HEADING OUT TO SEA! I'LL BE KILLED!··· HELP! HELP!
HELP!
I GOTTA TRY OUT MY NEW AIR RIFLE! MAYBE I'LL SEE A SQUIRREL···HEY! THAT MAN'S IN TROUBLE UP THERE!


ANYWAY···A BALLOON'S EASIER TO HIT THAN A SQUIRREL···BULL'S-EYE!
BANG!
G-GOLLY! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT ME! BUT HE HIT THE BALLOON! THAT OUGHT TO LET OUT THE GAS AND GET ME DOWN!
AIDED BY A SUDDEN AIR POCKET···
I'M DROPPING, ALL RIGHT···B-BUT TOO FAST! IF I HIT THE GROUND···
SSSSSS SSS
Treetop landing!
WHOOIEE! NOW WHAT DO I DO?
TAKE IT EASY, M'STER! I'LL CLIMB UP AND GET YOU DOWN!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FURMAN PLANT···
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND HORACE FURMAN'S OFFICE···
AH! HERE IT IS! THERE'S SOMEBODY TALKING IN THERE!
WELL, FURMAN FROM WOT I HEAR, YOU'RE WILLIN' TO PAY PLENTY FOR HASTINGS' NEW POSTWAR AIRPLANE DESIGNS! ···I GOT 'EM! WHAT ARE THEY WORTH?

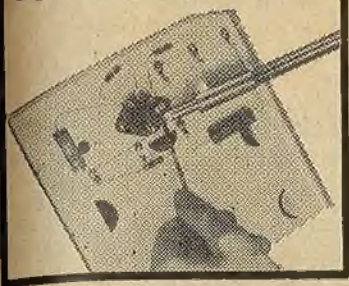
The gate guard!
SO THERE YOU ARE! I THOUGHT YOU GOT IN HERE!
HERE COMES OLD MAN TROUBLE HIMSELF! I'D BETTER GET MOVING!
THAT BIRD WAS EAVESDROPPIN' ON US, FURMAN! I'M GOIN' AFTER 'IM!
DON'T BOTHER, SALVATI! THE GUARD WILL CATCH HIM! LET'S FINISH OUR DEAL!
THAT TAXI··· JUST THE THING! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!
STEVE! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TAXI
NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS! GET IN··· QUICK!
CABBIE··· I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS TO GET US AWAY FROM HERE IN A HURRY!
I WAS RIGHT, PLOOPIE! SOME CROOK STOLE THOSE PLANS FROM MR. HASTINGS IN THE COURSE OF AN ORDINARY ROBBERY ···AND NOW HE'S MAKING A DEAL WITH HORACE FURMAN··· WHO'S NO HONEST JOHN HIMSELF!
SO THOSE TWO PUNKS IN BACK KNOW WHAT THE BOSS IS UP TO! I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF 'EM··· THE SAME WAY I TOOK CARE OF HASTINGS··· BY PUMPING A LITTLE SLEEPING GAS IN ON 'EM!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN FRONT OF AN OLD SHACK IN THE WOODS···
HIYA, JIMMY! I GOT A COUPLE OF BIRDS IN THE CAB YOU BETTER PUT ON ICE FOR A WHILE! THEY GOT WISE TO WHAT SALVATI WAS UP TO AT THE FURMAN PLANT··· I HAD TO GAS 'EM!
SPADE SALVATI ARRIVES!
HELLO, BOSS! SORRY I HAD TO RUN OUT ON YA ···BUT I HADDA TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO MEDDLERS! DID YOU CLOSE THE DEAL?
SURE···BUT FURMAN HAS TO GET THE DOUGH FOR US! I INSISTED ON CASH!
WE'RE GETTIN' THIRTY GRAND FOR THE PLANS, BOYS! I CALL THAT A GOOD DAY'S WORK!
THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW!
OVER YOU GO! THOUGHT WE WERE GASSED, HEY? WE HELD OUR BREATHS AS SOON AS WE SMELLED IT!
WHA···!
BUMP!
AS A SPECIAL FAVOR, HERE'S A TASTE OF MY SUNDAY PUNCH··· EVEN THOUGH TODAY IS ONLY THURSDAY!
POW!

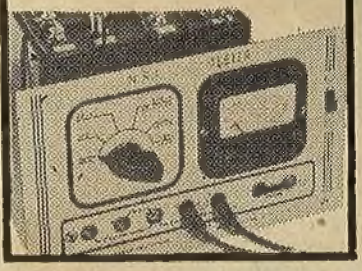
I'LL CUT THE TWO OF YA DOWN LIKE···
ALLOW ME TO CUT YOU DOWN FIRST!
UGHH!
WHAM!
DIDN'T YOUR MOTHERS EVER TELL YOU BOYS THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY? YOU AND HORACE FURMAN ARE ALL GOING TO SPEND THE NEXT FEW YEARS LOOKING AT THE OUTSIDE FROM THE INSIDE!
Later···
WELL, MR. HASTINGS, WE ROUNDED UP THAT GANG! NOW ABOUT THAT $5,000 FEE···
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I OUGHT TO GIVE IT TO YOU BOYS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HOLD OF YOU ALL DAY, TO CALL YOU OFF THE CASE!
WHAT! BUT··· BUT···
HOWEVER, SINCE YOU PROVED WHAT A CROOK MY COMPETITOR, FURMAN, IS···I'M GLAD TO PAY! HERE'S MY CHECK FOR $5000! BUT THE PLANS FURMAN WAS GOING TO BUY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL!
YOU SEE, WHEN I DASHED OUT OF MY HOUSE, BEFORE I WAS GASSED IN THE TAXI, I PICKED UP WHAT I THOUGHT WERE MY DESIGNS···BUT I FOUND LATER THEY WERE A SET OF MODEL AIR-PLANE PLANS MY TEN-YEAR-OLD SON HAD BEEN WORKING ON!
HA-HA-HA! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN MR. FURMAN'S FACE IF HE HAD TRIED TO USE THEM!

LI'L CHIEF PAPOOSE
AC-935
CLUNK
MILK
CLUNK
IDEA
?

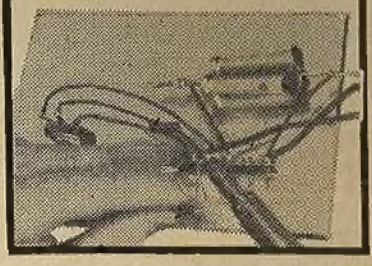
YOU BUILD THIS Radio Circuit early in Course with Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts I send; practice mounting, connecting, soldering Radio parts.



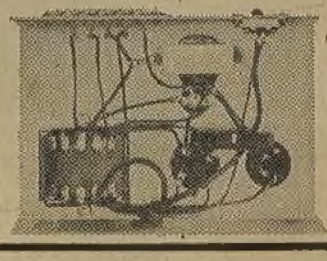
YOU PRACTICE Radio Servicing with this Tester built from parts I send. Also use it to help earn EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios.



YOU PRACTICE "FM" Servicing on this Frequency Modulation (FM) Signal Generator, built with parts I supply; learn by repairing circuit defects.

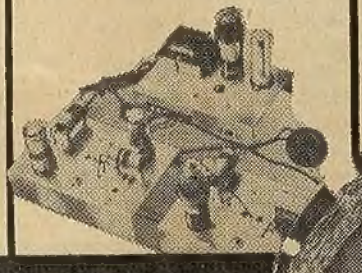


YOU BUILD THIS Vacuum Tube Power Pack, make changes which give you experience, learn how to locate and correct power pack troubles.



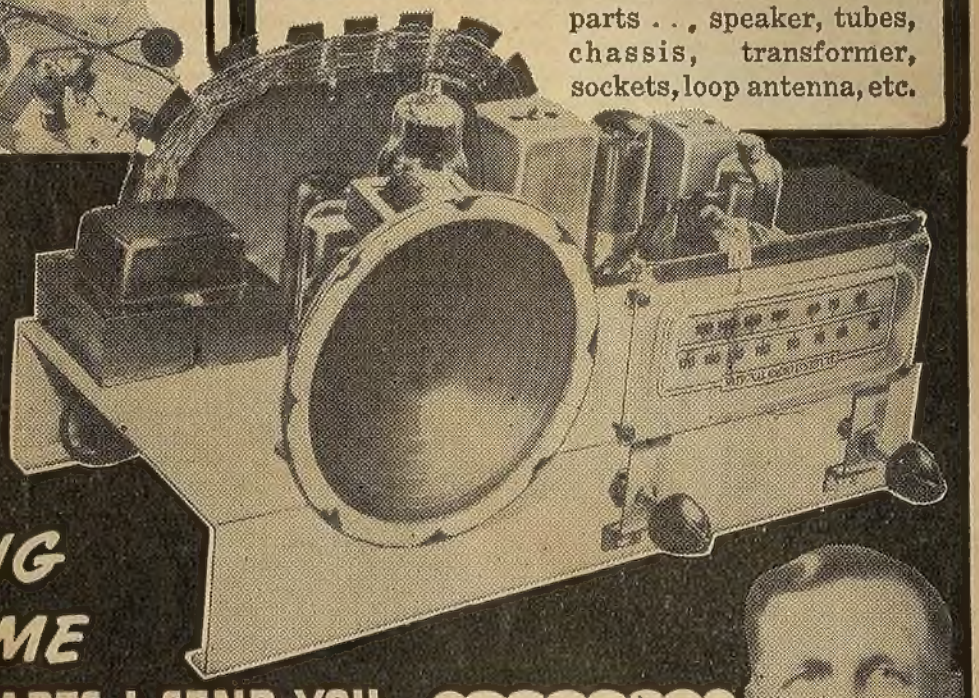
YOU BUILD THIS A. M. Signal Generator which provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments, gives you practical experience.

YOU PRACTICE signal tracing on this complete Superheterodyne Circuit you build with parts I send you, use it to conduct many tests and experiments.



You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

YOU BUILD THIS complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . , speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.



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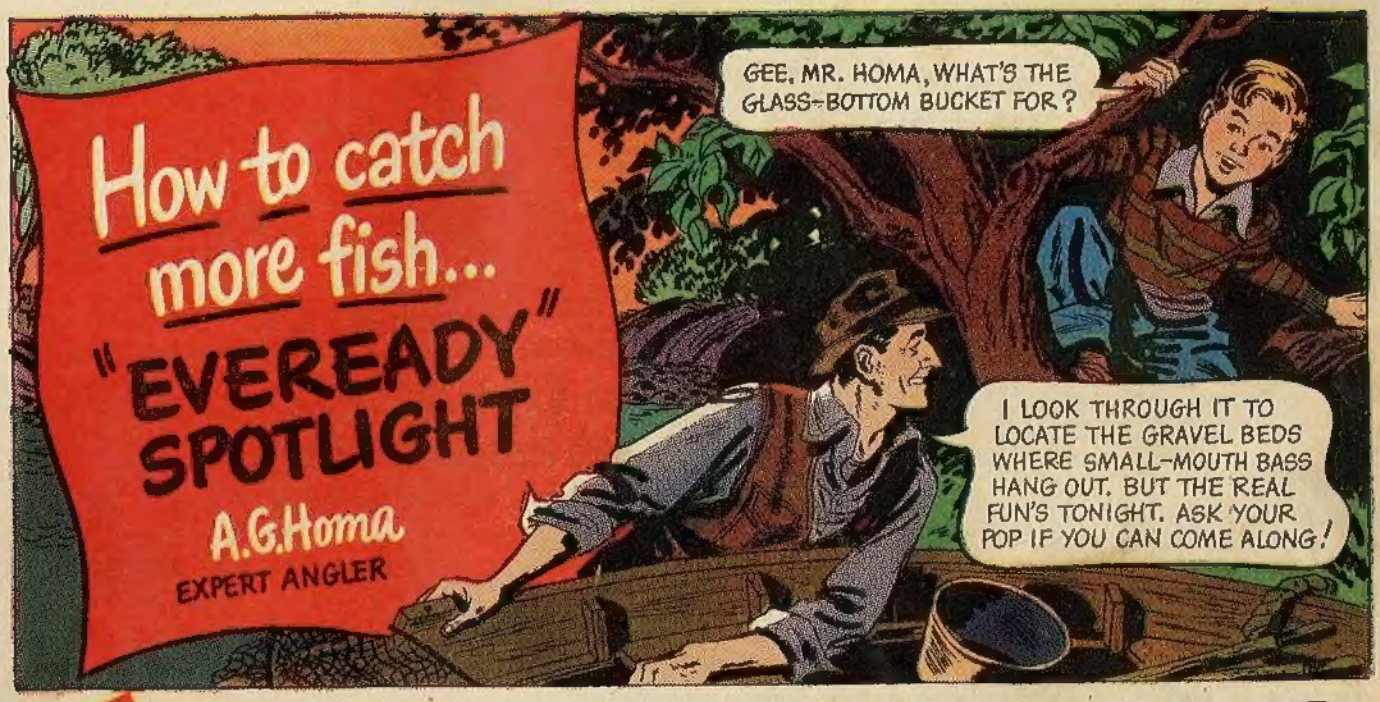
How to catch more fish...
"EVEREADY" SPOTLIGHT
A.G.Homa
EXPERT ANGLER
GEE, MR. HOMA, WHAT'S THE GLASS-BOTTOM BUCKET FOR?
I LOOK THROUGH IT TO LOCATE THE GRAVEL BEDS WHERE SMALL-MOUTH BASS HANG OUT. BUT THE REAL FUN'S TONIGHT. ASK YOUR POP IF YOU CAN COME ALONG!

THAT NIGHT
MY FLASHLIGHT PICKS UP THE LANDMARKS THAT I SELECTED THIS AFTERNOON. I KNOW THE BIG ONES HIDE THERE
GEE, YOUR FLASHLIGHT COMES IN HANDY!

FLASHLIGHT HELPS YOU LOCATE YOUR FISH, BOAT HIM AND UNHOOK HIM. IN MY FLASHLIGHT I ALWAYS USE "EVEREADY" BATTERIES BECAUSE THEY OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS*... NOW LET'S GET THIS ONE'S BROTHER!

*IN GENERAL-PURPOSE 4-OHM INTERMITTENT TESTS

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